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November 1921.

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THE CHILDREN'S PAPER



"FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH." (*By Sir E. J. Poynter, R.A.*)

This picture shows us a Roman sentinel who "kept his post at the gate of Pompeii, even when the stifling dust of ashes came thicker and thicker from the volcano, and the liquid mud streamed down, and the people fled."

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD., LONDON, EDINBURGH, AND NEW YORK.

Patch.

BY ALICE SOPHIA JACKSON.

I.

CECIL FORD stood at the garden gate and looked up and down the white, dusty road, with a hard, hard lump in his throat, and a very unpleasant smarting in his eyes. Everything was just as horrid as it could be, he thought, as he rubbed his eyes with his very grubby fingers, trying to stop them from smarting. First there was Daddy being so badly wounded at the Front that the doctors had had to cut his right leg off—Daddy! who was such a fine cricketer, and used to play for his county. Then Mummy went to London to stay near Daddy's hospital till he could come home, leaving Cecil with old Cook and Jane the housemaid. But Patch, his little fox terrier, who had been given to him as a small, fat puppy, was a great comfort to him. He always seemed to know when Cecil was feeling lonesome and miserable, and missing Mummy, and he used to come and lick his face and jump up at him.

And now Patch was lost! Nothing had been seen of him for nineteen hours: not since Jane took him with her to Glebe Farm when she went to get some eggs yesterday evening. Jane had stayed talking to Mrs. Lister, the farmer's wife, a long time; and when she came out Patch was nowhere to be seen, so she made sure he had run off home, tired of waiting. But Patch had never been home, and Cecil had had to go to bed without him for

the first time since he had been given to him. But for what seemed a very long time—hours and hours, he was sure—Cecil lay awake listening, to hear if Patch had come home and was whining to be let in. Jane was very sorry when nothing was seen of Patch next morning, and she took Cecil to the Glebe Farm to ask if they had found him. But that was no good, and they only had that long, hot walk for nothing. Now it was afternoon, but still there were no signs of Patch.

As Cecil stood very sadly at the gate he heard a little clicking sound, and he knew that meant that old Jenks the roadmender was at work not far off breaking stones. He and Cecil were great friends, so when he heard that sound, the boy pushed open the gate and set off down the road to have a chat with him, and tell him the sad news.

"Fine and warm it is to-day, ain't it?" said old Jenks cheerily. But when he saw how sober his little friend looked, he added, "Why, whatever is the matter? You do look sadly."

"I've lost Patch, my little dog," said Cecil; and then the tiresome tears came rushing into his eyes, and he had to turn away and pretend to hunt for something in the hedge, so as to hide them.

"Oh, deary me to-day!" said Jenks, "lost your little dog, have you?—why, that is a real bit of misfortune. How did you come to do that?"

So Cecil told him all about it; and when he had finished, Jenks said,—

"What sort of a little dog might he be? I don't just call him to mind."

"He's a fox terrier," said Cecil, "and he has a black patch over one eye, and he can do all sorts of tricks. Daddy taught him; he's ever so clever."

"Oh, he can do tricks, can he?" said Jenks, rubbing his chin thoughtfully. "Handy sort of little dog for them circus folk, I expect."

"That's just what Daddy said," Cecil answered eagerly; "he said he ought to be in a circus."

"Well, then, you may depend upon it," said Jenks, nodding his head very gravely, "that's just where he is now."

"In a circus!" gasped Cecil. "But how could he be?—there isn't one anywhere near."

"Not now there ain't, but there was," said Jenks. "When I were coming down the Renton road last night I met one that had been over at Silwood, and were going on to Renton—leastways they asked me the way there. And now I come to think of it, there was a dog whining and howling something terrible inside one of the vans. Once he got his head out, and he were a little terrier, sure enough. Likely that was your little dog."

"Oh, it must have been!" cried Cecil, in a great state of excitement. "What shall I do? How far is it to Renton? Where would the circus stay, and do you think they will let me have Patch back if I give them all the money out of my savings box?"

Poor old Jenks looked quite dazed at having so many questions to answer at once, and at last he said slowly, "It's a matter of seven miles to Renton, but I doubt whether they'd be

stopping there after to-night. They've got to get to Ryther in time for the fair there on Wednesday; so they said."

"Then I must start at once," said Cecil, trying to keep his voice from shaking; and he turned round and set off down the road at a good pace.

"Nay, nay," old Jenks called out after him. "Come you back, Master Ford; don't you go off like that. You can't never walk to Renton; it's a goodish step, you know, seven miles is."

"But I must go; I truly must," Cecil called out. "Good-bye; I'll come and tell you when I find Patch."

Old Jenks scrambled to his feet, and began to hobble after the boy. "Stop! stop!" he shouted; "go with Carrier Mason, if so be as you must go. He'll take you for threepence to Renton station, and then you can ask for the circus people."

Cecil nodded; that was certainly a good idea—he would get there much quicker in the carrier's cart. He went back home, slipped upstairs into his own room, and got all his money out of his savings box and tied it up very tight in his handkerchief; then he ran downstairs and out of the house without any one seeing him.

He had a long wait at the cross-roads for the carrier's cart—so long that he began to be afraid that perhaps Mason had passed and he was too late; but at last he saw a small object, like a fly, come crawling up the long hill. How slowly it came, and Cecil felt so impatient to be off! Just think if he missed the circus, and they took his

dear Patch right away from him ! At last the cart came up to him. Old Mason was dozing, and took no notice ; but the wise old horse saw the small waiting figure and pulled up of his own accord. Mason woke with a jerk when the cart stopped.

"Get on with you," he said to the horse gruffly. Then, catching sight of Cecil, he leant down and asked, "Was you wanting to get in?"

Cecil nodded. He knew it was no use trying to make Mason hear—he was much too deaf. He scrambled up and seated himself by the old man's side, and the horse started again at once. Jenks was right, thought Cecil—it certainly *was* a goodish step to Renton. But he did wish they could go a little faster ; it was so hot, and he began to want his tea very badly.

At last, after what seemed to Cecil hours of weary jogging and jolting, they got in sight of houses, and soon pulled up in the station yard at Renton. Here the cart stopped and Cecil slipped down, and giving a nod of farewell to Mason, turned round to begin his search for Patch. He felt very shy and rather forlorn, and it was a minute or two before he could pluck up his courage to ask the porters if they could tell him where the circus was. But the first porter he asked was very hot and hurried, and only growled out,—

"Don't know." The next was crosser still, and told him to get out of the road and not come bothering folks. Cecil had not the heart to try again after such unkind treatment, and was leaving the station yard, hoping he might meet some one who would be

able to direct him, when a rough-looking lad, with a cigarette in his mouth, lounged up to him and asked,—

"Was you wanting to know where the circus is?"

"Yes," said Cecil eagerly, hoping to have found help at last. "Oh, can you tell me which way to go?"

"I can tell you all right," drawled the lad ; "but the point is, what are you going to give me for it?"

Now, Cecil had only 3s. 10½d. altogether, and he felt sure he would want all that to buy Patch back from the circus people, because he had heard his Daddy say he was a very valuable little dog, so he got very red and stammered, "I'm afraid I can't give you very much ; only—only sixpence, if that will do."

"Let's see your sixpence," said the lad sharply.

Cecil tugged and pulled at his money, which was tied up in his handkerchief and wedged into the very small pocket of his knickers. The boy watched him with greedy eyes ; but Cecil, very much taken up with pulling out his money, did not notice this ; and when at last he had got it out safely, he began to untie the knots in order to get six pennies out. But before he had managed to get one knot undone, the boy made a quick grab at the handkerchief, snatched it out of Cecil's hands, and made off at top speed.

II.

FILLED with rage and despair at such daring robbery, and seeing all hope of getting Patch back disappearing with the money, Cecil began to shout as



loud as he could, "Stop, stop! give me back my money," and to run after the young thief as fast as his legs would carry him. But, alas! so afraid was Cecil of losing sight of the other boy, that he did not look where he was going, and tripping over a loose stone fell heavily to the ground.

"Hullo! what's the damage, sonny?" said a kind voice, and strong hands helped him carefully to his feet; and, looking up, Cecil saw a tall Australian soldier bending over him. Half-dazed by his fall and by the pain of his knee, which he had cut badly, and above all by the thought that his dear Patch was now lost to him for ever, Cecil at first could do nothing but sob and rub his eyes with his very dirty hands.

"Cheer up!" said the Australian. "Why, you're far too brave a lad to cry for a cut knee, I'm sure."

"It's not that," sobbed Cecil, much distressed at being thought a cry-baby. "It's because that boy has stolen all my money, and now I shan't be able to buy Patch back again."

"And how much might all your money be?" asked his new friend, who was busy wiping the blood and dirt off Cecil's knee.

"Three and tenpence halfpenny," answered Cecil very sadly; "and it was all I had in the world."

"My! but that's a lot to lose," said the Australian sympathetically. Then, looking at the woe-begone little figure, he went on, "Seems to me as if a cup of tea wouldn't do you any harm, and perhaps we could get some one to tidy you up a bit."

What with his fall in the dusty road

and his cut knee, which had bled a good deal, Cecil's white sailor suit had got into a sad state by this time, and he agreed readily to this suggestion of his new-found friend, who told him his name was Dick Taylor. Together they went down the High Street till they came to a teashop, where, after ordering some tea, Dick asked the waitress if she could see to the little boy, who had had a bad fall. The waitress, who was a good-natured girl, at once took Cecil away and washed his knee carefully and tied it up for him, and also brushed his suit; so that, after he had washed his face and hands, he looked quite a different boy.

Tea was all ready by this time, and very glad Cecil was of it, as it seemed such a long time since his dinner. Dick Taylor chatted pleasantly with him, and told him that he had left a little boy, just Cecil's age, "down under" when he came over to fight the Germans. So then Cecil told him all about his father, and how he had been so badly wounded in France that they had been obliged to cut his leg off, and what a famous cricketer he had been.

"Cheer up," said Dick; "you tell me all about your troubles, and perhaps I can give you a helping hand."

At once Cecil poured out his whole story; and Dick listened very carefully, and at the end remarked briskly, "Well, the first thing is to find out where this circus has taken root, and then we'll see if we can't run your little dog to earth." And when the waitress brought them their bill, he asked her if she had heard of any circus being

at Renton that day. The girl hadn't, but told him whereabouts the circuses always pitched when they paid a visit to the town. Dick thanked her, and the two companions left the teashop and set off in search of the circus.

It was not very easy to find the field where it might be; but people were very kind in directing them, and once or twice a man would turn and walk with them for a bit so as to be sure they didn't miss the way. One quite old man did this, and when Dick told him not to trouble to come so far, he seemed almost hurt and answered,—

"It shouldn't be a trouble to help a soldier who has come such a long way to fight for us;" and they got so friendly that Dick told him why they wanted to find the circus. The old man shook his head when he heard their reason, and said gloomily, "I know these circus people, they're Farrant's lot; leastways that's what they call themselves, and a worse set of thieving rascals never travelled the roads. They've been warned off from coming here before now, because folks lost so many of their fowls and ducks, and I don't know how they dare show their faces here again; but I suppose they think the soldiers from the camp will crowd their show, and so they'll do a good business."

When the old man had left them, with a few parting directions, Dick said to Cecil cheerily, "Don't you get too down-hearted, sonny; I'll find out a way, see if I don't."

Soon after this, they reached the field where the circus had been pitched. It was not a very inviting looking

show—the vans all looked so dirty, and so did the ragged children playing about in them. The horses were a most miserable sight—so thin, with their bones sticking out, and many of them with bad sores. Dick Taylor looked them over carefully, and shaking his head angrily said, "I'd like to get even with people who treat their horses like that." Then they paid their money and went into the biggest tent, which was already filling up fast. They went into the sixpenny seats, and managed to get into the front row. Cecil was shaking all over with excitement, and hardly knew how to sit still. Dick Taylor kept getting up and looking round the tent, and once or twice he nodded to some friend in uniform, or called out a greeting to a little knot of soldiers. There were a good many soldiers from the camp a few miles off, a few sailors, and some men who were home on leave.

The circus began at last, and though Cecil had always looked forward so much to seeing one, he found now he couldn't enjoy it one bit—he was straining his eyes all the time for a sight of Patch.

Dick didn't seem to enjoy the circus either, for he was grumbling about the horses, which, he said, were all half-starved and dead beat into the bargain. There was a very smartly dressed man standing in the middle of the ring, holding a long whip in his hand, and some one close by told Dick that he was the owner of the circus. * He had a hard, cruel face, and he used his long whip freely to try and force the poor, tired horses to jump and gallop. Cecil

thought he had never seen such a horrid-looking man, and when he told Dick so he nodded, and said,—

“You’re about right there, youngster; for two pins I’d let him feel what that fine whip of his tastes like.”

It wasn’t at all an amusing circus; even the clown couldn’t make any one laugh. Perhaps, too, Cecil was sitting too close, for everything looked draggled and tawdry—not a bit glorious, as he had thought it would from some posters he had seen once.

At last, just as Cecil was beginning to give up all hopes, the clown went out of the ring and came back dragging with him a very dejected-looking little dog, who kept his tail between his legs and seemed scared out of his wits. Cecil sprang up at sight of him, wild with excitement; but a moment after he sank back again, with a big sigh of disappointment.

“What’s the matter?” asked Dick quickly; “isn’t that your dog?”

“No,” said Cecil mournfully, “that’s not Patch; he was all white except for a black patch over one eye, and this dog has no black at all and a lot of big yellow spots.”

“Oh, if that’s all that’s wrong,” said Dick coolly, “I wouldn’t make too sure; it’s easy enough to change a dog’s looks. Is he about the size of your dog?”

“Yes, he’s just the same size,” said Cecil eagerly, his hopes rising once more; “only he looks so different, because he always has such a cocky look and keeps his tail well up.”

The clown then began to put the dog through some easy tricks, which

he did with the same cowed, terrified air he had worn all the time. Cecil watched him intently, his heart thumping so that he almost choked. Suddenly he felt he could stand it no longer, but must know for certain one way or the other; so he called out in a shrill, excited voice, “Patch, Patch, come along then!” and the audience were amazed by seeing the spiritless-looking little dog changed into a whirling mass of excitement, that tore like a white streak across the ring and sprang into the arms of a small boy in the front row.

The ringmaster at once hurried forward, and in a loud, bullying voice asked Cecil what he was doing with his dog, and how he dared call him off.

“Steady on a bit,” said Dick, getting up and facing the angry man coolly; “if that dog’s yours, what made him answer to his name like that for?”

“You just leave my dog alone,” said the man, still more threateningly, “or I’ll soon show you who he belongs to.” And he made a sign to one or two of his helpers, who had lounged into the ring, to come and take Patch away. But Cecil only held him all the tighter, and looked despairingly at his friend for help. This was not long in coming, for Dick sprang on to a seat and called out in a clear, ringing voice that could be heard all over the tent,—

“Lads, are you going to sit there and see this little chap’s dog taken from him? His father’s lost his leg at the Front, and now this rascal, who ought to be in the trenches himself, has stolen his dog from him, and——”

"You take care what you say," began the man furiously; but his words were drowned in a chorus of,—

"All right, mate, we'll see fair play; we'll soon settle his game." And from every part of the tent soldiers and sailors came vaulting over the benches, and swarmed into the ring in such numbers, and showed so plainly their intention to make things extremely unpleasant for any one who would wrong a soldier's boy, that the ringmaster and his men beat a hurried retreat, and were chased right out of the field by an indignant crowd of men.

Dick took no part in the disturbance; he had quite enough to do in steering Cecil, who still held Patch tightly in his arms, out of the tent and into a quiet part of the field. Then he stood looking down at the happy pair with great satisfaction, when suddenly Cecil exclaimed,—

"Why, there's Jane; what can she be doing here?"

"Looking for you, I should hope," replied Dick, in great relief; and so it appeared, for just then she caught sight of them and hurried up, exclaiming,—

"Oh, Master Cecil, however you could go and run away like that, without ever a word to any one, I don't know. And here's Cook and me been looking for you all over; and but for old Jenks telling me you had gone to the circus, and Mr. Dixon driving me over in his light cart, I don't know whatever we should have done; and how we were to tell your Ma you was lost, I can't think."

"It's all right, Jane; Dick took

care of me, and I've got Patch quite safe," said Cecil rather sleepily; for now that the excitement was over he began to feel very, very tired. Indeed he was so tired that he hardly knew what was happening. He heard Dick and Jane talking together, and presently found himself wedged into the butcher's cart between Jane and Dixon. Then he roused up to thank Dick ever so much for all his help, and to beg him most earnestly to come and see him when next he got leave. After that he must have fallen asleep, for he remembered nothing more till he woke up the next morning and found Patch lying on his bed, looking a queer little object, it's true, with daubs of white and yellow paint, but still his own dear, loving little Patch just the same.

The Noble Nature.

IT is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make Man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred
year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night—
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties
see;
And in short measures life may perfect
be.

BEN JONSON.

Golden Text for the Month.

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for My sake.—ST. MATT. v. II.

King Solomon's Quarries.

HOW often great discoveries spring from trifling incidents ! Dr. Allen Moore, for seventeen years a resident in Palestine, tells the following curious tale.

For many, many years, says Dr. Moore, travellers and archæologists were puzzled to know where the enormous blocks of stone still standing in the ruins of Solomon's temple at Jerusalem were quarried. One day a little dog chased a lizard down a hole among the debris. The next instant the dog also disappeared.

His master, coming to the opening, peered down in vain. He called, and to his amazement his voice came back as from great depths. He summoned assistance, and a passage was opened into immense subterranean quarries. There were found huge masses of stone almost ready to be hoisted above ground.

"And don't you remember," asks Dr. Moore, "that we are told in our Bibles that the temple was built without sound of saw or of hammer ? The fact that the quarrymen worked underground partly explains that."

Upon some of the stones were found inscriptions that perplexed the explorers until one scholar pronounced them Phœnician. The stones were wrought by some of that army of workmen sent by King Hiram of Tyre to aid King Solomon in his task.

WHEN may a man be said to break-fast before he gets up ? — *Answer.* When he has a roll in bed.

Stories of the Disciples of Jesus.

CHAPTER II.

SAUL, THE PERSECUTOR.

IN the far-off city of Tarsus, at the time when Jesus lived at Nazareth, a little boy was born, to whom his parents gave the name of Saul. He was a Roman citizen, because he was born in the Roman province ; but he was also a Jew, and was brought up as a very strict Jew indeed. As soon as he could understand anything he was taught lessons out of the Old Testament ; and the very first thing he learned would be to reach up and touch the metal box which was fastened to the side of the door, and which held some verses of the Bible written on parchment. Then he would reverently kiss the little hand which had touched the box, just as he saw the grown-up people do.

Although the Bible was his great lesson book, as he grew older there were many other and more difficult things he had to learn ; and by the time he was a man he knew all that a strict Pharisee should know, and was very wise and learned indeed.

Rumours, of course, had reached the far-off city of Tarsus about the new Jewish teacher, whom some people called a prophet, and some even said was the Christ. There were tales of His wonderful cures and the miracles He worked ; then the news of His Crucifixion and how His followers declared He had risen from the dead.

But Saul only grew angry as he listened. The Christ he looked for was a king, not a peasant of Nazareth, and he hated the people who called themselves His followers and said He was the King.

It seemed no use to punish these people, to beat and imprison them, or even to condemn them to death. Nothing daunted them or silenced them. Day by day they grew bolder and bolder, day by day more and more people joined them and shared their belief. It was time to put an end to all this, and Saul eagerly threw himself into the work, determined to stamp out this new religion. Those followers of the Nazarene might try to hide, but his spies would find them and drag them out; they might think to escape him by fleeing to other cities, but he would follow them wherever they went. He was so busy hunting the poor Christians that he had now no time to do anything else.

It happened just then that one of the chief of those Christians, whose name was Stephen, had been seized at Jerusalem and dragged before the High Priest; and hearing this, Saul eagerly hastened to the great city, that he might help in the trial and punishment.

Surely, as he watched that trial, he must have wondered what made these men so bold and fearless. There stood the young man Stephen, alone amongst his enemies, who crowded round him like a pack of hungry wolves eager to devour a lamb. No sign of terror showed in his calm face. Absolutely fearless, he stood out to meet his accusers and make his defence.

The lying witnesses could not meet his straightforward gaze, but watched him with shifty eyes, and acknowledged even to themselves that his face was as the face of an angel.

But all unmoved Saul looked on, and when at last the sentence was given that the prisoner should be stoned there was no pity in his heart, but rather a fierce joy as he went to look on at the execution.



Steadfastly and unmoved, Stephen stood and faced his murderers. Then, looking up towards heaven, a great glory seemed to shine there as if reflected from above. Little wonder that there was no room for fear in Stephen's heart; for there, as he gazed upwards, he saw his Master's face, and knew that He was waiting at God's right hand to welcome His faithful servant.

The cruel stones came hurtling

through the air. Little by little the life was beaten out of his body, but never a sign of shrinking did he show. Only as he knelt there the same prayer rose to his lips which his Master had prayed upon the Cross: "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge."

That was the end. Death, stooping down over the poor, bruised body, showed none of its terrors, but was like a kindly sleep, bringing only healing, rest, and peace.

Saul, looking on, saw all this, but still he held to his own opinions. The man deserved to die. It was the murderers who were right, not the martyr.

But perhaps the remembrance of St. Stephen's face troubled him more than he knew, and made him try to escape from it by hunting the poor Christians more fiercely than ever, so that soon the very name of Saul was a terror to all the followers of the Master.

(To be continued.)

Resourceful Willie.

"IF a banana costs three cents," said Teacher, "what will a dozen cost?" Willie hesitated, then gave it up.

"Well, do you think you could do the sum if we played at keeping shop?"

Willie thought that he could, and consented to enter the make-believe market and address the shopman,—

"Have you any bananas to-day?"

"Some fine ones at three cents apiece," was the reply.

"I'll take a dozen, if you please," said Willie, digging into his pocket for imaginary cash: "And how much'll that be?"

Crocodiles.

YOU have often seen newts and lizards, I expect. You may have caught them, too, to keep for a while in fresh water as pets. Well, how would you like to keep the King of the Reptiles as a pet?—the great fierce crocodile beast that lives on the banks of the Nile—"with such scales . . . as a dragon hath . . ." (so the long-ago people used to declare; and really, crocodiles aren't altogether unlike dragons, you know).

But I was talking about making pets of them, and it wasn't a joke either. Long ago the crocodile *was* petted—he was even worshipped; though that was partly, I expect, because the worshippers were so frightened of the great beast that they tried to keep on specially good terms with him. He had a temple of his own in the ancient city of Memphis. He had priests to serve him too; and he was fed with cakes and roast meat and goodies. His ears were pierced with golden rings, and he wore bracelets on his feet. He became so tame after a while that he could be led in processions for the people to see; but I'm perfectly certain that he wasn't happy, for what a time he was missing!

What a jolly time the wild crocodiles on the banks had then, away down by the rivers; and what a jolly time they have to-day. The baby eggs are laid in nests on the sandy banks, and the mother is very careful of them. She has several dozen to hatch, and she makes a hole for them, lays them inside, and covers the nest over with



white sand. For twelve weeks she watches over them, then her listening ear catches the sound of funny little voices below.

I wish you could see the mother then. She sets to work to remove the sand at once, for she doesn't want her family to be suffocated as soon as they appear. She is only just in time, for the eggs are cracking: the young ones are breaking the shells with horny warts that grow on the tips of their noses for that very purpose. Here they are! Oh, how very, very wee they look beside their huge mother, as she leads them proudly down to the water. Imagine a great parent of perhaps thirty feet long, and then imagine ever so many of exactly the right size to fit into a goose's egg-shell! It's rather ridiculous, isn't it? But the children begin to grow at once, and as they're born with a whole mouthful of teeth, they can set to work to gobble up flies and frogs and lizards, and so make up for lost time.

It must be simply wonderful to

watch the crocodile waiting for his prey. He breathes in air, as we do, to keep himself alive; but he must hide under the water, too, or he would be seen and avoided. He has a wonderful arrangement by means of which he can lie under the water with only his nostrils showing. He can keep his jaws wide open under the water, too, if he likes, for his breathing passages are quite cut off from his mouth. He may very often lie for hours in the river, looking just like a dead tree trunk; and then down may come a *tiger* to drink!

Does the crocodile come splashing to meet him? Rather not; the tiger would turn tail at once if he did. His plan is to lie like a log until the prey is really drinking deeply, and then with a sudden dash he is upon the victim, and, with his great horrible mouth wide, wide open from ear to ear, he seizes the tiger's head between his rows of teeth!

Well, the dreadful struggle that takes place *then* generally ends in the death of the victim on the bank. The

huge strength of the crocodile makes it pretty certain that he will drag his prey down under water, and his aim then is to hold it down until he drowns it.

Sometimes crocodiles are captured alive by means of running nooses fastened to trees on the river banks; but another way is the native method of wrapping toothsome bait round two pointed crosswise sticks, and attaching the whole to a rope. When *that* dainty has been swallowed, it locks the crocodile's jaws! There is a story about a native who went to the river to fish for a crocodile; he was preparing his sticks in this way, and his bait was lying handy, when a scream was heard. A young girl who had come down the opposite bank to fetch water overbalanced herself and fell in. At the same instant a dark object in the river moved suddenly, and proved itself to be a waiting crocodile. With great speed it made tracks towards its prey. But it hadn't reckoned with the clever native. There was no time to find weapons. He dived into the river with nothing more deadly in his hand than one of the sticks for the bait trap at which he had been whittling when the adventure began. Swimming under water he made for the enemy; and as its huge jaws opened, he planted with great force and steady aim the pointed stick within them! The great jaws were held immovably open: the attack was baulked. The crocodile could only show its fury by beating up the water into waves with its huge tail, and under cover of this foam the two swimmers made their way merrily shorewards.

The Tramps and the Biscuits.

FOUR tramps possessed a box of biscuits, which they agreed to divide equally amongst themselves at breakfast in the morning. During the night, while the others were fast asleep, one man approached the box, devoured exactly a quarter of the number of biscuits, except the odd one left over, which he threw to their dog. Later in the night a second man awoke and hit on the same idea, taking a quarter of what remained and giving the odd biscuit to the dog. The third and fourth men did precisely the same in turn, taking a quarter of what they found and giving the odd biscuit to the dog. In the morning they divided what remained equally amongst them, and again gave the odd biscuit to the animal. What is the smallest possible number of biscuits that there could have been in the box when they first acquired it?

[Two book prizes are offered for the best solutions of this problem.]

Motto for November.

Don't look for the flaws as you go through life,

And even when you find them

It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind,

And look for the virtue behind them.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Sent in by MARGARET A. HORN,
8 Havelock Street, Downhill, Glasgow,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

THE SERIAL STORY.

Two on an Island.

BY ETHEL TALBOT.

CHAPTER XI.

IN the morning Jim's foot, he declared, was much better. He "saved it up," however, as he expressed it, by allowing Marjorie to prepare the morning meal; then together they started, after stacking up the camp fire for the day, setting out slowly and carefully across the island to the cave.

"There's one thing," said Marjorie, "about a desert island, and that is that you can have your meals wherever you happen to be, you know. We'll take the burning-glass—then we can make a fire, if the sun'll stay out as hot as it is now—and a pocketful of potatoes; and I believe I could catch a fish or two."

"I believe you could," said Jim admiringly; "you're growing jolly useful, mate, and if—" He stopped himself just in time; he wasn't going to let Marjorie know that he often wondered if they ever would be picked up—she'd been plucky enough as it was. He looked meditatively, however, at the beacon they had laid so carefully two or three days ago, and wondered when a ship or boat would pass. His companion guessed his thoughts, and turned an eager face towards him.

"Jim, I say! wouldn't it be jolly if we saw a sail at this minute? And then——"

"Then we'd set fire to this. You could nip down and get a stick from the camp fire; that'd be the quickest way. Mate, it *would* be fine!" Jim grinned as cheerily as he could. "But we've got something on hand to-day, and we'll buck up and get there," he continued as quickly as he could, for Marjorie should not be allowed to be miserable if he could help it.

"I say, Jim!" said the little girl, "suppose we *do* find things, what shall we do with them?"

"Let's get there first!" said Jim. The walk was trying his foot very much, although he would not have given in for worlds; and he was thankful every now and then to grasp at Marjorie's arm. But the project must be carried through, he assured himself; the valuables should never fall into the hands of the smugglers. He heaved quite a sigh of relief as they climbed the last ridge, and the opening of the cave was visible again. "At last!" he said.

"Oh, I wonder if they've been," said Marjorie. To her the adventure was a tremendous one. The idea of the little inner cave was a great excitement in itself; and when, after a few more minutes, the pair stepped through the dark narrow passage into the large cave beyond, and Jim began to feel his way for the hole in the wall, her heart beat so loud that she could almost hear it.

"Here it is!" said Jim.

Almost at once the dark cave was filled with a dim light; he had dragged out the large fleece from the aperture, and again the blue sky showed through

the opening in the little cave beyond. Marjorie, panting with excitement, peeped in and stared in amazement.

For there stood the case—the same little heavy chest that they had seen on the beach two nights before, but—“Whew-w!” said Jim, in bitter disappointment, “if they haven’t been and carted it all away!”

And it seemed certainly, at first, as though that *had* happened. The chest had been opened with a crow-bar, or some such tool. An old piece of tarpaulin had been thrown over it, and at a first glance there didn’t appear to be anything inside. A further investigation, however, showed better results; half-way up another small piece of oilskin had been laid across. Jim lifted it, and then both he and Marjorie gave an excited and almost bewildered cry.

For beneath the oilskin lay the treasure for which they had come in search: heaped-up vessels of old gold, and tarnished but wonderfully wrought silver were there—jewelled ornaments. To the children the chest seemed all ablaze, for the stones flashed in the light shining down through the hole in the roof. “Why!” said Marjorie at last. “O Jim!”

“The beggars have rifled it as much as they dared,” said her companion; “it’s pretty easy to see what’s happened. They must have turned up last night and taken half. They’ll come again to-night for the rest. We’ll jolly well be before them and save it.”

“But how shall we?” quavered Marjorie, trying to speak as bravely as she could.

“Mate, we’ve jolly well got to! For, whoever it belongs to, of course we’ll hide it, and——”

“But where?” inquired the little girl.

“Well, I’d an idea that we could have taken it back to the camp, piece by piece, and then have buried it there beside the bowl you picked up. Then, when we’re found——” Jim stopped and went on again. “But it’s my wretched foot, you see. It’d take ever so many journeys, and so——”

“But, if we’re to bury it”—Marjorie spoke eagerly—“does it matter where? Why not near here, so long as we remember where? We could——”

“Mate, you’re a marvel. We will. But we’ll choose a place where the tides don’t reach. Let’s go and reconnoitre.”

A suitable sandy spot was soon found. Then the carrying of the valuables began, but it took much longer than Jim expected; each was heavy, and had to be lifted and taken separately. To and fro went the pair, between the cave and the sandy shore. It was growing towards late afternoon when Jim, who had been limping terribly for the last half-hour, gave in. “Mate, I can’t walk another step. Here, I’ll rest a minute, and then go on.” He sat down on the sand, looking very pale.

“You won’t!” said Marjorie sternly. “You’ll stay there, and I’ll fetch the rest. I know all about it; and there’s not much more. You can bury them there, while——”

So the work went on for an hour or

so more. By this time Marjorie was dreadfully tired, but the treasure at last was safe from the smugglers. There remained but one thing more to do—to get back to their own camp fire for the night.

“And the horrible part of it is that I can’t,” said Jim, looking up at Marjorie in dismay when she returned from her last journey. “I’ve tried, and it’s not possible to walk.”

“Couldn’t I help you—like last night?” suggested the little girl.

“No, mate, you couldn’t. It’s considerably worse, now.” The boy was evidently in great pain, as Marjorie could see, by the way he set his lips together. “The fact is, I twisted my ankle again on that last journey, and I’m afraid it’s done for now—for to-night at least.”

Marjorie looked dreadfully anxious. “But—” she began.

“Perhaps it will be better to-morrow,” said Jim to her. “But I wouldn’t have given up doing this job, mate, for all the sprained ankles in the world. It’s been jolly well worth while to save the treasure. But it’s *you* I’m thinking of. Whatever will you do?”

“Oh, I’ll manage,” said Marjorie. “I mean, it’s not possible to light a fire, of course, but we might camp here for the night perhaps without one, mightn’t we? And then to-morrow, if you’re better—” But the prospect was not a very cheerful one.

“Look here,” said Jim, “I’ll try again.” But it was of no use; after a great effort he lay back and groaned, and his companion hastened to his side.

“Jim, you’re not to *move*! I’ll bandage it as I did last night, and——”

• “But it’s *you* I’m thinking of, mate, not the ankle. Will you go back to the camp alone for the night? It’ll be warm there, you know. Would you mind?”

“Mind! As if I’d leave you,” said Marjorie, in a motherly tone. “Besides, I’m going to nurse you. We’ll be all right. What about inside the cave?”

A silence from Jim made her wonder. Then she realized, by the look on his face as he glanced at her, that there was more to be afraid of than simply a night in the open without a fire. What about the smugglers? They were almost sure to come!

“And—and if they find us?” Marjorie tried to be brave. “And you won’t be able to run away, or anything!”

“You bet I shouldn’t run away in any case,” said Jim proudly; “but, mate, *now* you see why I wish you’d go back to the camp for the night.”

But Marjorie had quite made up her mind as to that; once again she had lost sight of fears for herself, in thinking about Jim the invalid. If there was going to be danger, she would share it too; Jim, with his sprained foot, must certainly not be left alone. She busied herself with making him as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, and then sat down and waited.

Evening was really beginning to draw in; there were long shadows everywhere, and the gulls had stopped calling. Jim had fallen into an uneasy

kind of doze, and Marjorie, sitting beside him with her eyes fixed on the farthest point of the island, tried to stifle the fears that would come. What was going to happen, she wondered. What if Jim were to be really ill! What if the smugglers really were to come and find them!

And then, quite suddenly, her heart stood still with amazement for a minute, and then began to beat faster and faster, for an amazing sight met her eyes.

The beacon was blazing. There was no doubt of it, though the little girl rubbed her eyes to see whether or not she might be dreaming. Away on the opposite side of the island—on the highest ridge that she could see—flames were leaping up against the sky. Marjorie gasped, then clutched at Jim's hand. "Jim! Jim! Wake up!" she begged.

"What is it? I say! What an ass I am to be asleep!" said her companion. "I say, Marjorie—" But his words died away as his eyes turned in the direction of the little girl's pointing finger.

"What on earth—!" he began.

"Jim, is it—the smugglers, do you think?" whispered Marjorie, trying to keep the fear out of her voice.

"Smugglers! Not much!" Her companion, in spite of the pain, stirred himself, sat up, and stared eagerly. "Catch a smuggler giving himself away like that! It's—I believe—"

"Oh—*what*?" said Marjorie, clutching at his arm.

"A rescue party!" Jim was about to say, but he waited before passing

on the idea to Marjorie, knowing the dreadful disappointment it would be to her if, after all, their hopes were to come to nothing. "Perhaps it's caught fire by mistake," he ended up lamely.

"How could it? And, Jim, look!" Marjorie pointed again; but there was certainly no need for that, for Jim's eyes were still fixed on the spot. Very far away they saw a figure, and—

"It is—I believe—a rescue! I believe it's Dad." Jim's heart beat so loud that he could hear its thumps. "Oh! if only this wretched ankle——"

"Jim, shall I go and see?" gasped Marjorie. "It *might* be a rescue party, of course; but, on the other hand——"

"No, wait," decided Jim; "you're so smallish, and, if it's them, they'll *know*. They'll have seen our camp, I should think, and they'll have set that alight to show us they're here. Trust Dad, if it's he, *he* won't go back without us!" He shouted as loud as he could, and Marjorie joined in too; but the sound of their voices was carried back to them by the wind again.

"The wind's this way," said Jim; "it's no use. Perhaps it's as well, though; when they shout—if they do—then, you see, we're sure."

And sure enough, after a few minutes of breathless suspense had passed, the welcome sounds were heard. "Coo-ee!" came faintly at first, but growing louder and louder.

"Coo-ee!" shouted Jim. "It's Dad, mate; I know his voice. I'd know it anywhere. Now, if you *would*——"

(To be continued.)

Rules for Competitors.

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules :—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the current number of the paper. The Competition Form will be found on page 220. No answers will be considered unless accompanied by this Competition Form. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one* of the papers sent in by each competitor. Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing* and *neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Aunt Mary," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers received later than **November 15** will be considered.

[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]

Competitions for November.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Competitors must put their full postal address on each competition, and must put a sufficient amount of stamps on their packets before posting; but are requested *not to enclose* stamps for replies, as these can in no case be sent.

In each Competition the Editor offers two prizes.

For all Ages up to Sixteen.

ESSAY COMPETITION.

Write an essay (not exceeding 300 words) on "Clothes."

BEHEADING COMPETITION.

What animal beheaded becomes something used in boating?

What bird beheaded becomes a floating vessel?

What fish beheaded becomes a girl's name?

What animal beheaded becomes another animal?

What flower beheaded becomes a liquid?

What fruit beheaded means to wander?

What animal beheaded becomes a river in England?

What bird beheaded becomes a measure?

What fruit beheaded becomes a serpent?
What animal beheaded becomes a part of the body?

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

Make a drawing, a little larger, of the picture on page 1 of cover, and colour it either with water colour or chalks.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

Write an account of Elijah and the priests of Baal on Mount Carmel.

For Children under Twelve only.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION.

Write a short essay on the subject you most enjoy at school.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

Make a drawing of a vase of chrysanthemums, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

TRANSFORMED WORDS.

Transform milk into wine,

" hole " darn,

" gold " bank,

" hill " vale,

" read " book,

" pain " well,

in not more than four moves, changing only one letter at a time and making a dictionary word at each move; for example, change corn into bake—corn, core, care, cake, bake.

*SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B).

Tell in your own words the story of Samson.

For Children under Ten only.

LETTER COMPETITION.

Write Aunt Mary a letter telling her how you spend your time when you are not at school.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C).

Make a drawing of an eight-day clock, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

MOTTO COMPETITION.

The Editor invites all to enter this competition. A book prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.

Prize List for September.

ORIGINAL STORY COMPETITION.

1. Norman Drennan, 20 Laggan Road, Newlands, Glasgow. 2. Kathleen G. Smith, 5 Kemerton Road, Beckenham, Kent.

Honourable Mention.—Lizzie Russell, Fenagh, Ballymena, Co. Antrim; Hilda Woor and Dorothy Atlay, St. Dominic's School, Harpenden, Herts.

DATE COMPETITION.

1. John Semple, Galloney, Strabane, Co. Tyrone.
2. Donald Gould, Gartsherrie, Shirley Road, Southampton.

[Only two correct solutions of this problem were received. The answer should be the 21st of September. The sum of the dates already passed (1-20) is 210; the sum of the dates still to come (22-30) is 234. Their difference gives us 24, which was to be the day after the day after the to-morrow of the day on which Bob made his observation—that is, the 21st.]

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

1. Cecilia Pattison, Green Mount, Bollington, near Macclesfield.
2. Joseph Clay, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

Honourable Mention.—Margaret Brown, 8 Bawnmore Road, Belfast; Ivy Furlong, Brynamlwg, The Avenue, Carmarthen.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

1. Florinda Fowler, Halsham, Selwyn Road, Eastbourne.
2. Louis Yates, Ratcliffe-on-the-Wreake School, near Leicester.

Honourable Mention.—Constance Hodgkiss, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Edwin Hammond and Elsie Felton, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION.

1. Leslie Hart, 8 Preshaw Crescent, Mitcham, Surrey.
2. James V. Wilson, Kilnaslee, Castlecaulfield, Co. Tyrone.

Honourable Mention.—Doreen I. Buss, Budgenor Cottage, Easebourne, near Midhurst, Sussex; Eric Matthews, Ratcliffe-on-the-Wreake School, Leicester; Annie Jarvis and Bessie Pope, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

HIDDEN PROVERB COMPETITION.

1. Richard Bristow, Ivinghoe Aston School, near Leighton Buzzard, Beds.
2. Mary Gumbleton, Huntcliffe, Bexley, Kent.

Honourable Mention.—Cuthbert Mardell, Ivinghoe Aston School, near Leighton Buzzard, Beds; Monica Ellis, 8 Regent Street, Oxford; Ian Campbell, 25 Buchanan Drive, Cambuslang, Glasgow; Dorothy Durrant, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

1. Amy Giles, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.
2. Roy Brayne, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

Honourable Mention.—Willie Pattison, Green Mount, Grimshaw Lane, Bollington, near Macclesfield; Ella Hodgkiss, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B).

1. Henrietta McNeillage, 15 Bouverie Street, Yoker.
2. Basil Atlay, St. Dominic's School, Harpenden, Herts.

Honourable Mention.—Reggie Day, Ratcliffe-on-the-Wreake School, near Leicester; Percy Shuker and George Bennett, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

LETTER COMPETITION.

1. Margaret Haigh, 60 Savile Park Street, Halifax.
2. Olive M'Kee, Bowling Green, Strabane.

Honourable Mention.—Philip Goode, The Whetty, Rubery, Birmingham; Freda Grice, Homeleigh, Holywell Lane, Rubery, Birmingham; Noel Jones, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge; Bella M'Caughey, Tullynahinion, Portglenone, Co. Antrim.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C).

1. Zoe Ethel Stericker, Mayles Cobham, Surrey.
2. Humphrey Hadgkiss, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

Boy. I know what I'm going to be when I grow up.

School. What's that?

Boy. Something beginning with an S.

School. Sailor?

Boy. No.

School. Shoemaker?

Boy. No.

School. Soldier?

Boy. No.

School. What then?

Boy. 'Stronomer.

CHILDREN'S PAPER COMPETITION FORM. November.

Name.....

Age last Birthday.....

Address.....

Cut this out and attach it to any papers you may send in for Competition.



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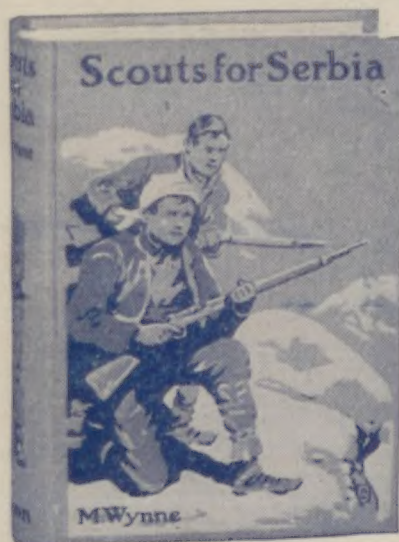
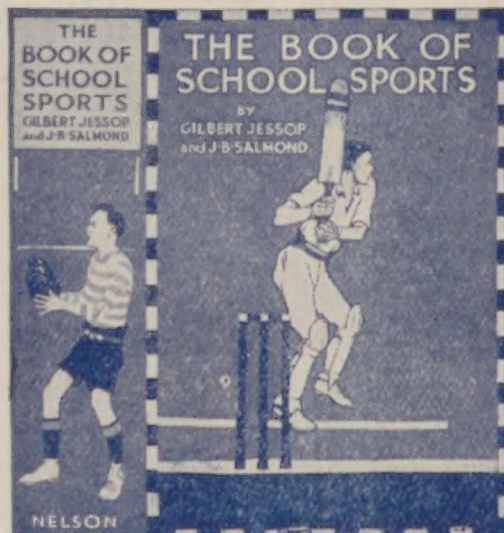
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